

## INDIANAPOLIS GOT IT

The Next State Y. P. S. C. E. Convention to Be Held in This City.

Hoke Smith's Delay Gives a Pension to a Dead Girl at Elwood—Shelbyville Postoffice Wrangle.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 2.—The Christian Endeavor convention completed its routine business today. A fund of \$1,000 was raised before the noon adjournment. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Lucas spoke on "The Future of the Church." In the evening the committee on nominations made its report. Judge Kirkpatrick, of Kokomo, who was elected president, was a member of the committee, but did not know of its action. He made a telling address after he had been elected. The new officers are as follows: President, L. J. Kirkpatrick, of Kokomo; secretary, Miss Harriet Wishard, of Indianapolis; treasurer, C. J. Buchanan, of Indianapolis; superintendent of junior work (new office), Mrs. Hageman, of Muncie; superintendent of intermediate work (new office), Miss Jennie Masson, of Indianapolis; superintendent of temperance work (new office), C. E. Newlin, of Indianapolis; vice presidents, the Rev. B. F. Cayles, of Peru; M. M. Blinford, of Richmond; Jacob W. Kapp, of Richmond; R. P. Burton, of North Manchester. The executive committee reported in favor of Indianapolis for the convention next year as between that city and Muncie and the report was adopted unanimously, whereupon the Indianapolis delegation arose and sang a song of welcome. Miss Jennie Masson, of Indianapolis, was elected to the important office of "Father Endeavor." Clark, who was to have been here, is ill in Boston. Mr. William Shaw, treasurer of the united society, will speak in his stead to-morrow.

**HIS FIRST GREAT WORK.**  
A Famous but Forgotten Caricature Made by Artist Richards.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
PLAINFIELD, Ind., Dec. 2.—The announcement of the death of Samuel Richards, one of Indiana's noted artists, at Denver, Col., has filled the hearts of many with sorrow. In the joyous days of youth the writer and Richards were in the old seminary building at Spencer, Ind., and it was there that young Richards first gave evidence of tastes in the line of his chosen profession. When but a mere lad, some twelve or fourteen years old, the artist with several others was passed into what was then termed the academic room. The professor of the school was a tall, angular man, but a strict disciplinarian, and for some infraction of the rules Richards was called before the school, chastised and severely reprimanded and then returned to the academic room to brood over his humiliation. Instead of doing so, however, he seized hold of a piece of colored paper and proceeded to draw a caricature of the professor on the smoky wall of the room. The room hour came and school was over, but Richards forgot to erase the caricature he had drawn. The professor, when he saw it, was indignant, and called for the artist, and told him to go home to dinner and not touch the picture. At class recitation in the afternoon the professor made the picture by the side of the professor, who closed by saying: "Sammy, you will make a great artist some day, and now you may go and erase your picture."

**AFTER TWENTY YEARS.**  
Glad Reunion of the Fahy Family, Long Separated.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
SEYMOUR, Dec. 2.—Twenty years ago there resided at Madison a family named Fahy. The father had been disgraced in the army and was unable to provide the necessities of life for his family of two boys and a daughter. A separation took place in June, 1873, the mother and daughter going to Cincinnati to earn a livelihood. Shortly after the departure of the father, John Fahy, died and the boys also became separated. John came to this city where he was teaming for a number of years. He has since accumulated enough money to purchase a farm at the edge of town. Mrs. Fahy lost track of her two boys and an endeavor to locate them proved fruitless until after the death of John. A Cincinnati paper by Mrs. Weghorst, the daughter, attracted the attention of C. E. Staples, a non-in-law, who notified Mrs. Fahy that her son resided here. Upon receiving the glad news the sister called to this city and found her brother, Mr. Fahy went to Chicago and after a short stay spent Sunday with his mother whom he had not seen for twenty years. He returned to this city this morning. The search for the other brother will be continued until he is found. Mrs. Fahy, who is seventy years old, and her daughter and family will spend Christmas at Mr. Fahy's home near this city.

**SQUALLY FOR HOLMAN.**  
No Matter Which Way the Shelbyville Postoffice Election Goes.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Dec. 2.—The announcement in the Washington dispatches this morning that Representative Holman would order an election for postmaster here was received with approval. The underhand fight between certain rival candidates has been particularly bitter and much blood excited. The local leaders are about evenly divided in their support. Edward Ames Major, auditor of the county, and W. Scott Ray, was supposed to have a sure call on the position, but the appointment of his cousin, S. S. Major, to the internal revenue service has caused the friends of William J. Burdette to make a more vigorous fight for their man. These two have control of nearly all the local politics. The other candidates, Gen. John W. Vannoy, Joseph H. Kennedy and John H. McGuire, would not be in a fight against the leaders, not belonging to any ring, but among the mass of Democratic voters the fight is a good fight. Both Ray and Vannoy will probably be elected, and any action on the postoffice question would indicate their comparative strength.

**A WONDERFUL OVERCOAT.**  
Young Man Shot in the Chest, but His Coat Stopped the Bullet.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 2.—Near Buseren station, this county, a shooting occurred at a spelling school, given at a country schoolhouse last night. John Turner and a young man named Parks quarreled over a girl. Parks shot Turner in the breast, but the thickness of Turner's overcoat, buttoned across his chest, saved his life. The ball penetrated his chest nearly to the heart, and was extracted by a physician. Turner will live.

**PENSION CAME TOO LATE.**  
Sadie Lister Died Before the Voucher for \$1,500 Arrived.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
ELWOOD, Ind., Dec. 2.—A very sad death occurred here this morning, which exemplifies the fact that assistance often comes too late. A number of years ago Samuel Lister, an aged veteran, became an invalid and went to the Dayton (O.) Soldiers' Home, where he died a few years ago. His wife and daughter, Sadie Lister, reside in this city. The daughter was afflicted with epilepsy, and in a storm while the mother ran off with a farmer

named Smith, living near Frankton. Smith left a family behind and Mrs. Lister, her daughter, and the pair went to Chicago, where they lived for some time. Being left alone Sadie Lister went to live with her grandmother and ever since these two have lived in a little house in this city dependent on their own work for a living. An application for a pension and back pay due her father and herself was made some time ago, but for some reason there was much delay and the voucher did not reach here until this morning. A week ago Sadie Lister became very sick and it was seen that she could not live. The voucher was anxiously awaited so she could sign it, but it did not come until late and the \$1,500 back pay that would have been hers had she lived will now revert to the government. The voucher came a few hours too late. The body of the unfortunate girl was interred in the city cemetery to-day.

**Guarantee Company to Reorganize.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
PORT WYNE, Ind., Dec. 2.—George M. McDonald, president, and C. B. McDonald, general agent of the Guarantee Investment Company, have been here from Chicago for the past two days conferring with the bondholders of the company in this city. This morning a meeting was held in the office of J. M. Vansyke, the resident agent. It was a secret affair, and only a few of the heaviest bondholders, together with the McDonalds, were present. It is understood, however, that the sole subject for discussion at the meeting was a proposition to reorganize the company on different plan, one that will not conflict with the postal laws, and at the same time acceptable to the bondholders. Those who attended are replete, but enough has been learned to justify the statement that the new plan meets the approval of the bondholders, and it will be pushed to conclusion at once.

**Richard M. Nebeker's Career.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
COVINGTON, Ind., Dec. 2.—Hon. Richard M. Nebeker, who died here yesterday, was one of the oldest and best known men in this part of the State. Mr. Nebeker was born in Miami county, Ohio, July 29, 1811, being at the time of his death eighty-two years of age. Ever since he attained his majority Mr. Nebeker took an active interest in political affairs. He cast his first vote for Henry Clay for President in 1824. He was a member of the State Legislature during the years 1838-39 and 1840-41. He was postmaster of this city. The funeral will occur to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. W. R. Mikels, assisted by Prof. W. H. Ferkick, of the city high school.

**Scheme to Let a Burglar Escape.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
ELWOOD, Ind., Dec. 2.—There is a story in circulation to the effect that the friends of Dick Goodman, the burglar who was shot by Deputy Sheriff Cobern, of Anderson, have planned a means of escape for him. At the proper time a coffin containing a "dummy" is to be buried, and the word is to be given out that it contains the remains of Dick Goodman, who will have ample opportunity of effecting his escape. If this be true it is as well that the friends have received a tip in advance. Such a scheme cannot be carried out now. If a coffin is buried purporting to contain Dick Goodman he will have to be there or it will be discovered. Goodman is improving, and the word is out that he is on the brink of death but very few believe it.

**Judge Brown Grants a Divorce.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
NOBLESVILLE, Ind., Dec. 2.—There was a divorce case of unusual importance decided by Judge Brown, of the Marion Circuit Court, who is presiding as judge, pro tem, of the Hamilton Circuit Court this week. The case was that of Mrs. James McMahon against her husband. It is a prosperous farmer. Mrs. McMahon was granted a divorce and judgment for all money in the sum of \$2,000. The case nearly occupied the attention of the court nearly all week, and was stubbornly contested.

**The Old Lady Gets a Divorce.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
WABASH, Ind., Dec. 2.—On March 4 Mrs. Elizabeth May, wedded Daniel Lower, residing north of this city. Mrs. May was sixty-five years old and Lower forty-seven. For a short time the pair got along agreeably, but in April storm clouds began to gather. They quarreled over Mrs. Lower's property, and separated. Lower going to the stable and cutting several sets of harness to pieces and then decamping. Since June nothing has been heard of him and a divorce has been granted to Mrs. Lower.

**Sure Enough Coal at Elwood.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
ELWOOD, Ind., Dec. 2.—While engaged in digging a well, two miles east of this city, workmen came upon a vein of pure coal at a depth of thirty feet. It is not known how thick the vein is, but it will be investigated, and if of sufficient quantity will be mined. The coal burns well, and is declared to be of the very best quality. There is much excitement in this vicinity, and every one talking coal.

**Hospital Management Exonerated.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
EVANSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 2.—The charges against the management of the Southern Indiana Hospital, in connection with the death of Leslie Hitch, a patient, has received an investigation from Coroner Beard and Secretary Bicknell, of the State Board of Health, and the result of the investigation was that the charges were groundless. It was found the wounds complained of were self-inflicted shortly before the death of the patient.

**Knox County Teachers.**  
Special to the Indianapolis Journal.  
VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 2.—The Knox County Teachers' Association closed a two days' session here to-day. The attendance has been large. Valuable papers have been read and discussed by the teachers. The meetings were held in the chapel of the Vincennes University. Prof. Faught, of Vincennes University, was elected president.

**TURKEY AND WATER POISONED.**  
A Negro's Revenge on the Proprietor of an Alabama Hotel.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 2.—A wholesale poisoning is reported from Fort Deposit to-night. On Thanksgiving day a negro by the name of Nathan Lamb, alias Sellers, had a grudge against F. M. Seary, proprietor of the Barton House, and "Tough-on-its" on the table for the guests. Those who ate of it were suddenly taken sick. Next day the negro put some of the poison in the drinking water and as three men were being lowered into the water, the victims of the plot were Sheriff George H. Houser, Auditor S. S. Snyder, Probate Judge S. S. Seranion and A. J. Knox and son Grover. In the hall of the courthouse there is kept at all times a bucket containing drinking water. This is where the poison was found, but fortunately medical assistance has placed all out of danger. Sheriff Houser was in a serious condition, but is easier. The water was analyzed and found to contain a large quantity of carbolic acid.

**DeFrance Held for Trial.**  
KALAMAZOO, Mich., Dec. 2.—The examination of Stonewall J. DeFrance, alias Paulus Forrest, the alleged forger of the Great Circuit Court, fixing his bail at \$10,000. DeFrance was remanded to jail and being offered Chicago and Minneapolis detectives, who have been watching the outcome of the examination left for home this evening.

**Three Men Killed in a Shaft.**  
ALLENTOWN, Pa., Dec. 2.—Ice caused the cable to break this morning at Joel Neff & Co.'s slate quarry, near Slatinsburg, as three men were being lowered into the pit to begin their day's work. The men traveled more than a mile down the shaft, a distance of sixty feet, and killed. The dead are Frank Kern, father of three children; Charles Schibler, leaves a widow and two children, and an unknown Hungarian.

## ON A WHALING CRUISE

Young Druggist Who Told Eight Months for a Dollar.

All the Romantic Glamour of a Hunt for "Spouters" Fades in the Light of This Man's Story.

San Francisco Chronicle.  
Wishing to recover his health and go somewhere at the same time Robert Newman Dinsmore, a young druggist of this city, sailed away last spring in a whaler for the cold and cheerless north. Robert returned the other day, peacefully and with bright and glittering eyes in the palms of his hands. He put in eight months of suffering, hardship and hunger, exposed to the dangers of the deep by day and by night, and was paid off with one round American dollar. But he has been somewhere.

"I would rather put in those eight months ten times over in any penitentiary in the land than go on another blubber excursion," Robert remarked last night when in a reminiscent mood. "In a prison, they tell me, a man is given enough to eat and a warm place to sleep, which is more than he gets on a whaling ship. We killed one whale, I got my dollar, but still owe the vessel something like \$150 for things I did not get."

"During those eight months there was only one day on which we got enough to eat. That was on the Fourth of July. The captain being an American, sailing an American ship, celebrated the day by loosening up on the larger long blubber to let us enjoy one square meal. Then we fell back on cracker soup and some salt meats that would come into the forecastle itself if we whistled for it. There may be some that think so, but whaling isn't what it is cracked up to be. I want no more of it."

Young Dinsmore's experience is only that of hundreds of young men who venture to blow the blubber of the whales. The glamour imparted by picture books wears off in actual contact with the chances of blubber, and the victim would cheerfully give all he ever expects to be worth for the privilege of setting foot on shore again.

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**CATCHING A GREENHORN.**  
His story of how greenhorns are induced to hunt the sportive whale and get nothing for it is an interesting one. When told he will probably make \$1,000 in a few months they cannot scramble aboard of ship quick enough. Greenhorns are preferred on account of their gullibility. It is through their lack of knowledge of the ways of the sea that the blubber boss gets rich while the sailor acquires nothing but hard knocks and some valuable experience.

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Pair of boots.....1.50  
Belt of underclothes.....1.50  
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One cap......50  
Three pairs socks......30  
One straw tick......20  
Three cakes of soap......20  
Three blocks of matches.....10  
Bread knife......10  
Tin pan and cup......15  
Total.....\$7.35

"Where the rest of the advance money went I don't know, but none of it came to some of the poor fellows who received no clothes or bedding of any sort whatsoever. Neither did they see the color of their own skin. A few got overalls, but nothing else. One pair of blue dungarees is a rather light weight, and the rest of the outfit was reduced to two small pieces of canvas for each man. These slices of bread and cracker hash, and all the food sent forward for the crew.

"We could have revelled in salt horse by going aft to the galley, but the men were so tired that they did not. That is probably why they were so liberal with it. Once a week, on Sundays, the cook dished up a plum pudding, which was less palatable than a few rods with a few dried apples. This I ate. This deep sea dainty we had for dinner. For supper the cook, if he felt in the humor, permitted us to have a little extra which he called ginger bread."

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San Francisco Chronicle.  
Wishing to recover his health and go somewhere at the same time Robert Newman Dinsmore, a young druggist of this city, sailed away last spring in a whaler for the cold and cheerless north. Robert returned the other day, peacefully and with bright and glittering eyes in the palms of his hands. He put in eight months of suffering, hardship and hunger, exposed to the dangers of the deep by day and by night, and was paid off with one round American dollar. But he has been somewhere.

"I would rather put in those eight months ten times over in any penitentiary in the land than go on another blubber excursion," Robert remarked last night when in a reminiscent mood. "In a prison, they tell me, a man is given enough to eat and a warm place to sleep, which is more than he gets on a whaling ship. We killed one whale, I got my dollar, but still owe the vessel something like \$150 for things I did not get."

"During those eight months there was only one day on which we got enough to eat. That was on the Fourth of July. The captain being an American, sailing an American ship, celebrated the day by loosening up on the larger long blubber to let us enjoy one square meal. Then we fell back on cracker soup and some salt meats that would come into the forecastle itself if we whistled for it. There may be some that think so, but whaling isn't what it is cracked up to be. I want no more of it."

Young Dinsmore's experience is only that of hundreds of young men who venture to blow the blubber of the whales. The glamour imparted by picture books wears off in actual contact with the chances of blubber, and the victim would cheerfully give all he ever expects to be worth for the privilege of setting foot on shore again.

The druggist helped kill one whale and is sorry for it now. Never again will he lift a hand to take the life of the innocent monster of the deep. On March 15 last the young man shipped on the brig Percy Edwards, Captain Hallett. There were eighteen men forward, only three of whom had ever seen salt water. The rest were farmers, bakers, blacksmiths, shoemakers and soldiers of blubber, and the victim was not an American in the ship. Dinsmore is a Canadian, a man of education and intelligence, and therefore did not fare so badly as the rest of his mates.

**CATCHING A GREENHORN.**  
His story of how greenhorns are induced to hunt the sportive whale and get nothing for it is an interesting one. When told he will probably make \$1,000 in a few months they cannot scramble aboard of ship quick enough. Greenhorns are preferred on account of their gullibility. It is through their lack of knowledge of the ways of the sea that the blubber boss gets rich while the sailor acquires nothing but hard knocks and some valuable experience.

"I was shipped by Sam Winn of No. 227 Jackson street," said Dinsmore, in telling his story "but I hear he has since gone out of business. A man paid off with \$1 is not welcome at the house from whence he shipped, but however, I am not anxious to return to Mr. Winn's place. We were supposed to receive the advance of \$50 on the day we shipped, and the shipping agent gave us checks for that amount."

"At least we took his word for it, as we never saw the faces of the checks. They were presented back up for our signatures, and then the longer lines rushed us off to a store to buy the outfit. Everything was done in a hurry. The captain wanted to sail right away, and we must be on board that day. This gives the blubber boss a chance to supply everything and prevents the crew from spending any of the advance money themselves. "Fortunately I never needed any of the clothes or I would have frozen to death in the outfit with which I was sent to sea. Here is the list of the things I received, and sent aboard the Percy Edwards for my use during a cruise in the Arctic ocean and which cost me \$60:

One quilt.....\$1.50  
Pair of boots.....1.50  
Belt of underclothes.....1.50  
One cotton shirt......75  
Pair of overalls......75  
One cap......50  
Three pairs socks......30  
One straw tick......20  
Three cakes of soap......20  
Three blocks of matches.....10  
Bread knife......10  
Tin pan and cup......15  
Total.....\$7.35

"Where the rest of the advance money went I don't know, but none of it came to some of the poor fellows who received no clothes or bedding of any sort whatsoever. Neither did they see the color of their own skin. A few got overalls, but nothing else. One pair of blue dungarees is a rather light weight, and the rest of the outfit was reduced to two small pieces of canvas for each man. These slices of bread and cracker hash, and all the food sent forward for the crew.

"We could have revelled in salt horse by going aft to the galley, but the men were so tired that they did not. That is probably why they were so liberal with it. Once a week, on Sundays, the cook dished up a plum pudding, which was less palatable than a few rods with a few dried apples. This I ate. This deep sea dainty we had for dinner. For supper the cook, if he felt in the humor, permitted us to have a little extra which he called ginger bread."

"Break and cracker hash was the fare all the way but his word for it, as we never saw the faces of the checks. They were presented back up for our signatures, and then the longer lines rushed us off to a store to buy the outfit. Everything was done in a hurry. The captain wanted to sail right away, and we must be on board that day. This gives the blubber boss a chance to supply everything and prevents the crew from spending any of the advance money themselves. "Fortunately I never needed any of the clothes or I would have frozen to death in the outfit with which I was sent to sea. Here is the list of the things I received, and sent aboard the Percy Edwards for my use during a cruise in the Arctic ocean and which cost me \$60:

## ON A WHALING CRUISE

Young Druggist Who Told Eight Months for a Dollar.